



Tobacco Basket

Michelle L. Stevens

Gathering gray willow

Along flooded Putah Creek,

Swallows dart and turn

As we women softly

Talk, bend, cut willow.

Voices sing through willow

Into my hands,

Teaching me to weave

A tobacco basket.

This basket

Focusing my vision

And my Way, with every

Weave a prayer.

This basket a nest

Holding my blessings.

My blood tipped breast

Feathers, cradling sweet

Eggs, sweet dreams.

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